The Tragicall Histor of the Life and Death of Doctor FAVSTVS.

K. VIII.

With new Additions.

Written by *Ch. Mar.*

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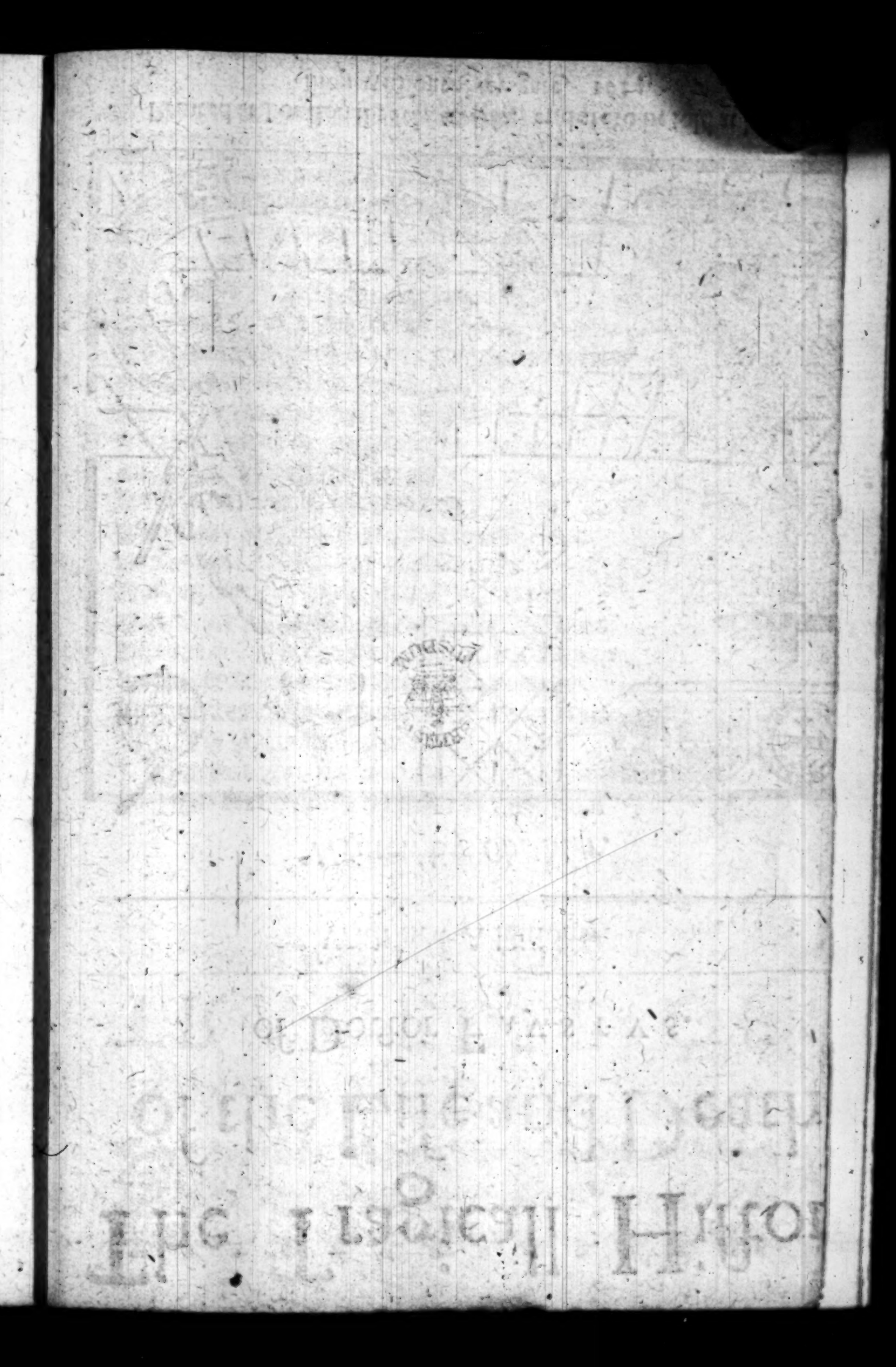

THE TRAGEDIE OF Doctor Faustus.

Enter Chorus.

NOt marching in the fields of Tharsimen,
Where Mars did mate the warlike Carthagens,
Nor sporting in the dalliance of loue,
In Courts of Kings, where state is ouer-turn'd:
Nor in the pompe of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to daunt his heauenly verse:
Onely this (Gentles) we must now performe,
The forme of Faustus fortunes, good or bad:
And now to patient iudgements we appeale,
And speake for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he borne of parents base of stocke,
In Germany, within a towne cal'd Rhodes.
At riper yeares to Wittenberge he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him vp.
So much he profits in Diuinity,
That shortly he was grac'd with Doctors name,
Excelling all, and sweetly can dispute
In th'heauenly matters of Theologie:
Till swolne with cunning, and a selfe conceit,
His waxen wings did mount aboue his reach,
And melting, heauens conspir'd his ouerthrow:
For falling to a deuilish exercise,
And glutted now with learnings golden gifts,
He surfets on the curs'd Necromancy.

Nothing ſo ſweet, as Magicke is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefeſt bliſſe,
And this the man that in his ſtudy ſits.

Fauſtus in his Study.

Fauſt. Settle thy ſtudies Fauſtus, and begin,
To ſound the depth of that thou wilt profeſſe,
Hauing commenc'd be a Diuine in ſhew,
Yet leuell at the end of euery Art,
And liue and dye in Ariſtotles workes.
Sweet Analitickes, 'tis thou haſt ravisht me,
Bene diſſerere eſt finis Logices.
Is to diſpute well Logickes chiefeſt end?
Affords this Art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou haſt attain'd that end:
A greater ſubiect fitteth Fauſtus wit:
Bid Oeconomy farewell, and Galen come,
Be a Phyſitian Fauſtus, heape vp gold,
And be eternis'd for ſome wondrous cure:
Summum bonum medicinæ ſanitas,
The end of Phyſicke is our bodies health:
Why Fauſtus haſt thou not attain'd that end?
Are not thy Bills hung vp as monuments,
Whereby whole Cities haue eſcapt the plague,
And diuers deſperate maladies beene cur'd?
Yet art thou ſtill but Fauſtus, and a man.
Couldſt thou make men to liue eternally,
Or being dead raiſe men to life againe,
Then this profeſſion were to be eſteem'd.
Phyſicke farewell: where is Iuſtinian?
Si una eademque res legatus duobus,
Alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.
A petty caſe of paltry Legacies,
Exhereditari filium non poteſt Pater, niſi, &c.
Such is the ſubiect of the Inſtitute,
And vniuerſall body of the Law.
This ſtudy fits a mercenary drudge,
Who aymes at nothing but externall trash,
Too ſeruile and illiberall for me.

When

When all is done Diuinity is best:
Ieromes Bible Faustus, view it will:
Stipendum peccati mors est: ha? Stipendum &c.
The reward of sinne is death? thats hard:
Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, & nulla est in nobis veritas.
If we say that we haue no sinne
We deceiue our selues and there is no truth in vs.
Why then belike we must sinne,
And so consequently dye.
I, we must dye an euerlasting death.
What doctrine call you this? Che sera, sera:
What will be, shall be: Diuinity adew.
These Metaphisicks of Magicians,
And negromanticke bookes are heauenly,
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters:
I, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honour, and omnipotence
Is promis'd to the studious Artizan!
All things that moue betweene the quiet Poles,
Shall be at my command: Emperors and Kings
Are but obey'd in their seuerall Prouinces:
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the minde of man:
A sound Magician is a Demi-god,
Here tire my braines to gaine a Deity. Enter Wag.
Wagner commend me to my dearest friends,
The Germane Valdes and Cornelius,
Request them earnestly to visit me.
Wag. I will sir. Exit.
Faust. Their conference will be a greater helpe to me,
Then all my labours, plod I ne're so fast.

Enter the Angell and Spirit.

Good Ang. O Faustus, lay that damned booke aside,
And gaze not on it, least it tempt thy soule,
And heape Gods heauy wrath vpon thy head.

Read, read the Scriptures: that is blaſphemy.

Bad An. Go forward Fauſtus in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures treaſure is contain'd:
Be thou on earth as Ioue is in the skie,
Lord and Commander of theſe Elements. Exit Ang.

Fauſt. How am I glutted with conceit of this?
Shall I make ſpirits fetch me what I pleaſe?
Reſolue me of all ambiguities?
Performe what deſperate enterprizes I will?
I'le haue them fly to India for gold,
Ranſacke the Ocean for Orient Pearle,
And ſearch all corners of the new found World
For pleaſant fruits, and Princely delicates.
I'le haue them read me ſtrange Philoſophy,
And tell the ſecrets of all forraigne Kings:
I'le haue them wall all Germany with braſſe,
And with ſwift Rhine circle all Wittenberge:
I'le haue them fill the publike Schooles with skill,
Wherewith the Students ſhall be brauely clad.
I'le leauy ſouldiers with the coyne they bring,
And chaſe the Prince of Parma from our Land,
And reigne ſole King of all the Prouinces.
Yea ſtranger Engines for the brunt of War,
Then was the fiery keele at Anwerpe Bridge,
I'le make my ſeruile ſpirits to inuent.
Come Germane Valdes and Cornelius, Enter Valdes
And make me wiſe with your ſage conference. and Cornel.
Valdes, ſweet Valdes and Cornelius,
Know that your words haue won me at the laſt,
To practiſe Magicke and concealed Arts.
Philoſophy is odious and obſcure:
Both Law and Phiſicke are for petty wits,
'Tis Magicke, Magicke that hath rauiſht me.
Then gentle friends ayde me in this attempt,
And I that haue with ſubtile Syllogiſmes
Graueld the Paſtors of the Germane Church,
And made the flowring pride of Wittenberge
Surcease to iar at my Problemes, as th'infernall ſpirits

On sweet Musæus when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadow made all Europe honour him.
Val. Faustus, these bookes, thy wit, and our experience,
Shall make all Nations canonize vs,
As Indian Moores obey their Spanish Lords:
So shall the spirits of every Element,
Be alwaies seruiceable to vs three:
Like Lyons shall they guard vs when we please.
Like Almaine Rutters with their horsemens staues,
Or Lopland Gyants trotting by our sides.
Sometimes like women or vnwedded maides,
Shadowing more beautie in their airy browes
Than haue the white breasts of the Queene of Loue.
From Venice they shall drag whole Argosies,
And from Amercia the golden Fleece,
That yearely stuffes old Phillips treasurie,
If learned Faustus will be resolute.
Faust. Valdes, as resolute am I in this,
As thou to liue: therefore obiect it not.
Corn. The miracles that Magicke will performe,
Will make thee vow to studie nothing else.
He that is grounded in Astrologie,
Inricht with tongues, well seene in Mineralls,
Hath all the Principles Magicke doth require:
Then doubt not Faustus but to be renown'd,
And more frequented for this mysterie,
Then hetherto the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the Sea,
And fetch the treasure of all forraine wrecks:
Yea, all the wealth that our fore-fathers hid
Within the massie intrailes of the earth:
Then tell me Faustus, what shall we three want?
Faust. Nothing Cornelius. O this cheeres my soule:
Come, shew me some demonstrations Magicall,
That I may coniure in some bushie grone,
And haue these ioyes in full possession.
Vald. Then haste thee to some solitarie grone,

Sonne,

And beare wiſe Bacons and Albanus workes,
The Hebrew Pſalter, and new Teſtament,
And whatſoeuer elſe is requiſite,
We will informe thée ere our conference ceaſe.
Cor. Valdes, Firſt let him know the words of Art,
And then all other ceremonies learn'd,
Fauſtus may trie his cunning by himſelfe.
Val. Firſt Ile inſtruct thée in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.
Fauſt. Then come and dine with me, and after meat,
We'l canuaſe euery quiddite thereof:
For ere I ſléepe Ile trie what I can do,
This night Ile coniure though I die therefore. Exeunt omn.

Enter two Schollers.

1 Sch. I wonder whats become of Fauſtus that was wont
To make our Schooles ring with ſic probo. Enter Wag.
2 Sch. That ſhall we preſently know, here comes his boy.
1 Sch. How now ſirra, where's thy maſter?
Wag. God in Heauen knowes.
2 Sch. Why, doſt not thou know then?
Wag. Yes, I know, but that followes not.
1 Sch. Go to ſirra, leaue your ieſting & tell vs where he is.
Wag. That followes not by force of argument, which you being Licentiats ſhould ſtand vpon, therefore acknowledge your errour, and be attentiue.
2 Sch. Then you will not tell vs?
Wag. You are deceiued, for I will tell you: yet if you were not dunces, you would neuer aſke me ſuch a queſtion. For is he not Corpus naturale? and is not that mobile? Then wherefore ſhould you aſke me ſuch a queſtion? but that I am by nature flegmatique, ſlow to wrath, and prone to letchery (to loue I would ſay) it were not for you to come within fortie foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt but to ſee you both hanged the next Seſſions. Thus hauing triumpht ouer you, I will ſet my countenance like a Preciſian, and begin to ſpeake thus: Truely my deare Brethren, my Maiſter

is

is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this Wine if it could speake would informe your worships: and so the Lord blesse you, preserue you, and keepe you my deare brethren. Exit.

1 Sch. O Faustus then I fear ỹ which I haue long suspected:
That thou art fallen into that damned Art,
For which they two are infamous through the world.

2 Sch. Were he a stranger not allied to me,
The danger of his soule would make me mourne:
But come let vs goe, and informe the Rector,
It may be his graue counsell may reclame.

1 Sch. I feare me nothing will reclaime him now.

2 Sch. Yet let vs see what we can doe. Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer and foure Deuils, Faustus to them with this speech.

Faust. Now that the gloomy shadow of the Night,
Longing to view Orions drizling looke,
Leapes from the Antarticke World vnto the skie,
And dims the Welkin with his pitchy breath:
Faustus begin thine Incantations,
And try if Deuills will obey thy Hest,
Seeing thou hast pray'd and sacrific'd to them.
Within this Circle is Iehoua's name,
Forward and backward Anagramatiz'd:
Th'abreuiated names of holy Saints,
Figures of euery adiunct to the heauens,
And Characters of Signes and erring Starres,
By which the spirits are inforc'd to rise:
Then feare not Faustus to be resolute,
And try the vttmost Magicke can performe.

Thunder. Sint mihi Dii acherontis propitii, valeat numen triplex Iehouæ, ignei, Aerii, Aquitani spiritus saluete: Orientis Princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis Monarcha & Demigorgon, propitiamus vos, vt appareat, & surgat Mephostophilis Dragon, quod tumeraris: per Iehouam, gehennam, &

conſeratam aquam, quam nunc ſpargo; ſignumque crucis quod nunc facio; & per vota noſtra ipſe nunc ſurgat nobis dicatus Mephoſtophilis.

Enter Deuill.

I charge thée to returne and change thy ſhape,
Thou art too vgly to attend on me:
Goe and returne an old Franciſcan Frier,
That holy ſhape becomes a Deuill beſt. Exit Deuil.
I ſée there's vertue in my heauenly words.
Who would not be proficient in this Art?
How plyant is this Mephoſtophilis?
Full of obedience and humility,
Such is the force of Magicke and my ſpels.

Enter Mephoſtophilis.

Meph. Now Fauſtus what wouldſt thou haue me doe?
Fauſt. I charge thée wait vpon me whilſt I liue,
To doe what euer Fauſtus ſhall command:
Be it to make the moone drop from her Spheare,
Or the Ocean to ouerwhelme the world.
Meph. I am a ſeruant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thée without his leaue:
No more then he commands must we performe.
Fauſt. Did not he charge thée to appeare to me?
Meph. No I came hither of mine owne accord.
Fauſt. Did not my conjuring raiſe thée? ſpeake.
Meph. That was the cauſe, but yet per accidens;
For when we heare one racke the name of God,
Abiure the Scriptures, and his Sauiour Chriſt;
We fly, in hope to get his glorious ſoule:
Nor will we come vnleſſe he vſe ſuch meanes,
Whereby he is in danger to be damn'd:
Therefore the ſhortest cut for conjuring
Is ſtoutly to abiure all godlineſſe,
And pray deuoutly to the Prince of Hell.
Fauſt. So Fauſtus hath already done, & holds this principle,
There is no chiefe but only Belzebub:

To

To whom Faustus doth dedicate himselfe.
This word damnation terrifies not me,
For I confound Hell in Elizium:
My Ghost be with the old Philosophers,
But leaving these vaine trifles of mens soules,
Tell me, what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?
Meph. Arch-regent and Commander of all Spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an Angell once?
Meph. Yes Faustus, and most dearely lov'd of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of Divels?
Meph. O: by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of heaven.
Faust. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
Meph. Unhappie spirits that live with Lucifer,
Conspir'd against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damn'd with Lucifer.
Faust. Where are you damn'd? Meph. In Hell.
Faust. How comes it then that thou art out of Hell?
Mehp. Why this is Hell, nor am I out of it.
Thinkst thou that I, that saw the face of God,
And tasted the eternall joyes of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand Hels,
In being depriv'd of everlasting blisse?
O Faustus, leave these frivolous demands,
Which strikes a terror to my fainting soule.
Faust. What is great Mephostophilis so passionate,
For being deprived of the joyes of Heaven?
Learne thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorne those joyes thou never shalt possesse.
Goe beare these tidings to great Lucifer,
Seeing Faustus hath incurr'd eternal death,
By desperate thoughts against Joves Deitie
Say he surrenders up to him his soule,
So he will spare him foure and twentie yeares,
Letting him live in all voluptuousnesse,
Having thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatsoever I shall aske,
To tell me whatsoever I demand;

To ſlay myne enemies, and to aide my friends,
And alwaies be obedient to my will.
Go and returne to mightie Lucifer,
And meet me in my ſtudie at midnight,
And then reſolue me of thy maſters mind.

Meph. I will Fauſtus. Exit.

Fauſt. Had I as many ſoules as there be ſtarres,
I'de giue them all for Mephoſtophilis:
By him Ile be great Emperor of the World,
And make a bridge through the mouing Ayre,
To paſſe the Ocean with a band of men.
Ile ioyne the hills that bind the Affricke ſhore,
And make that Countrie continent to Spaine,
And both contributarie to my Crowne.
The Emperor ſhall not liue but by my leaue,
Nor any Potentate of Germanie.
Now that I haue obtaind what I deſir'd,
Ile liue in ſpeculation of this Art,
Till Mephoſtophilis returne againe. Exit.

Enter Wagner and the Clowne.

Wag. Com hither ſirra boy.

Clo. Boy? O diſgrace to my perſon: ſounds boy in your face, you haue ſéene many boyes with beards I am ſure.

Wag. Haſt thou no commings in?

Clo. Yes, and goings out too, you may ſée ſir.

Wag. Alas poore ſlaue, ſée how pouertie iefts in his nakednelle, I know the villaine's out of Seruice, and ſo hungrie, that I know he would giue his ſoule to the Diuill for a ſhoulder of Mutton, though it were blood raw.

Clo. Not ſo neither, I had need to haue it well roaſted, and good ſauce to it, if I pay ſo deare, I can tell you.

Wag. Sirra, wilt thou be my man and wait on me? and I will make thee goe, like Qui mihi diſcipulus.

Clo. What in verſe?

Wag. No ſlaue in beaten ſilke, and ſtaues-aker.

Clo. Staues-aker? that's good to kill Vermine: then belike

liks

like if I serue you, I shall be lowzie.

Wag. Why so thou shalt bee, whether thou dost it or no: for sirra, if thou dost not presently bind thy selfe to me for seuen yeares, Ile turne all the lice about thee into Familiars, and make them teare thee in peeces.

Clo. Nay sir you may saue your selfe a labour, for they are as familiar with me, as if they paid for their meat and drink, I can tell you.

Wag. Well sirra, leaue your iesting, and take these guilders

Clo. Yes marry sir, and I thanke you too.

Wag. So, now thou art to be at an houres warning, whensoeuer and wheresoeuer the Diuell shall fetch thee:

Clo. Here take your Guilders againe, Ile none of 'em.

Wag. Not I, thou art prest, prepare thy selfe, for I will presently raise vp two Diuells to carrie thee away, Banio, Belcher.

Clo. Belcher? and Belcher come here, Ile belch him: I am not afraid of a Diuell. Enter two Diuels.

Wag. How now sir, will you serue me now?

Clo. I good Wagner, take away the Diuell then.

Wag. Spirits away, now sirra follow me.

Clo. I will sir, but harke you Maister, will you teach mee this coniuring occupation?

Wag. I sirra, Ile teach thee to turne thy selfe to a Dog, or a Cat, or a Mouse, or a Rat, or any thing.

Clo. A Dogge, or a Cat, or a Mouse or a Rat? O braue Wagner.

Wag. Villaine, call me Maister Wagner, and see that you walke attentively, and let your right eye be alwaies Diametrally fixt vpon my left heele, that thou maist, Quasi vestigias nostras insistere.

Clo. Well sir, I warrant you. Exeunt.

Enter Faustus in his studie.

Faust. Now Faustus must thou needs be damn'd?
Canst thou not be sau'd?
What boots it then to thinke on God or Heauen?

Away with ſuch vaine fancies, and deſpaire,
Deſpaire in God, and truſt in Belzebub,
Now go not backe Fauſtus, be reſolute.
Wauerſt thou? O ſomething ſoundeth in mine eare,
Abiure this Magicke turne to God againe.
Why he loues thee not: The God thou ſeru'ſt is thine owne
Wherein is fixt the loue of Belzebub: (appetite,
To him Ile build an Altar and a Church,
And offer lukewarme blood of new borne babes.

Enter the two Angels.

Euill An. Go forward Fauſtus in that moſt famous Art,
Good An. Sweet Fauſtus leaue that execrable Art.
Fauſt. Contrition, Prayer, Repentance, What are theſe?
Good An. O, they are meanes to bring thee vnto heauen.
Euill An. Rather illuſions, fruits of lunacy,
That make men foolish that do vſe them moſt.
Good An. Sweet Fauſtus think of heauen & heauenly things
Bad A. No Fauſtus thinke of honor & of wealth. Exeunt An.
Fauſt. Wealth? why the Signory of Embden ſhall be mine.
When Mephoſtophilis ſhall ſtand by me
What power can hurt me? Fauſtus thou art ſafe:
Caſt no more doubts: Mephoſtophilis, come,
And bring glad tydings from great Lucifer.
Is not midnight? Come Mephoſtophilis.
Veni, Veni, Mephoſtophilis. Enter Mepho.
Now, tell me what ſaith Lucifer thy Lord?
Meph. That I ſhall wait on Fauſtus whilſt he liues,
So he will buy my ſeruice with his ſoule.
Fauſt. Already Fauſtus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But now thou muſt bequeath it ſolemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with thine owne blood:
For that ſecurity craues Lucifer.
If thou deny it I muſt backe to Hell.
Fauſt. Stay Mephoſtophilis, and tell me,
What good will my ſoule doe thy Lord?
Meph. Enlarge his Kingdome.

Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
Meph. Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.
Faust. Why, haue you any paine that torture others?
Meph. As great as haue the humane soules of men.
But tell me Faustus shall I haue thy soule?
And I will be thy slaue and wait on thée,
And giue thée more then thou hast wit to aske.
Faust. I Mephostophilis, Ile giue it him.
Meph. Then Faustus stab thine arme courageously,
And bind thy soule that at some certaine day
Great Lucifer may claime it as his owne:
Then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust. Lo Mepho. for loue of thée Faustus hath cut his arme,
And with his proper blood assures his soule to be great Lucifers:
Chiefe Lord and regent of perpetuall night.
View here this blood that trickles from mine arme,
And let it be propitious for thy wish.
Meph. But Faustus,
Write it in manner of a Déed of Gift.
Faust. I so I doe; but Mephostophilis,
My blood congeales, and I can write no more.
Meph. Ile fetch thée fire to dissolue it straight. Exit.
Faust. What might the staying of my blood portend?
It is vnwilling I should write this bill,
Why streames it not that I may write afresh?
Faustus giues to thée his soule: O there it staid.
Why shouldst thou not? is not thy soule thine owne?
Then write againe: Faustus giues to thée his.

Enter Mephostophilis with the Chafer of fire.

Meph. See Faustus here is fire, set it on.
Faust. So now the blood begins to cleare againe,
Now will I make end immediately.
Meph. What will not I doe to obtaine his soule?
Faust. Consummatum est: this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeath'd his soule to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine Arme?

Home

Homo fuge, whither ſhould I fly?
If vnto Heauen he'le throw me downe to hell.
My ſenſes are deceiu'd he'res nothing writ:
O yes, I ſée it plaine, euen here is writ
Homo fuge, yet ſhall not Fauſtus flye.
Meph. Ile fetch him ſomewhat to delight his mind. Exit.

Enter Diuels, giuing Crownes and rich apparell to *Fauſtus*: they daunce and then depart.
Enter *Mephoſtophilis*.

Fauſt. What meanes this ſhew? ſpeake Mephoſtophilis.
Meph. Nothing Fauſtus but to delight thy mind,
And let thée ſée what Magicke can perſorme.
Fauſt. But may I raiſe ſuch ſpirits when I pleaſe?
Mep. I Fauſtus, and doe greater things then theſe.
Fauſt. Then Mephoſtophlilis receiue,
A déed of Gift, of body and of ſoule:
But yet conditionally, that thou perſorme,
All Couenants and Articles betwæna vs both.
Meph. Fauſtus, I ſweare by Hell and Lucifer,
To effect all promiſes betwæne vs both.
Fauſt. Then heare me read it Mephoſtophilis.
On theſe conditions following.

Firſt, that *Fauſtus* may be a ſpirit in forme and ſubſtance.
Secondly, that *Mephoſtophilis* ſhall be his ſeruant, and bee by him commanded.
Thirdly, that *Mephoſtophilis* ſhall doe for him, and bring him whatſoeuer.
Fourthly, that he ſhall bee in his chamber, or houſe inuiſible.
Laſtly, that hee ſhall appeare to the ſaid *Iohn Fauſtus*, at all times, in what ſhape and forme ſoeuer he pleaſe.
I *Iohn Fauſtus* of Wittemberg, Doctor, by theſe preſents, doe giue both body and ſoule to *Lucifer*, Prince of the Eaſt, and his Miniſter *Mephoſtophilis*, and furthermore grant vnto them that foure and twenty yeares being expired, and theſe Articles aboue written being inuiolate, full power to fetch or cary the

ſaid

said *Iohn Faustus* body and soule, flesh and blood into their habitation wheresoeuer.

By me *Iohn Faustus*.

Meph. Speake Faustus, doe you deliuer this as your Deed?
Faust. I, take it, and the deuill giue thee good of it.
Meph. So now Faustus aske me what thou wilt.
Faust. First, I will question thee about Hell,
Tell me, where is that place that men call hell?
Meph. Vnder the Heauens.
Faust. I, so are all things else: but whereabouts?
Meph. Within the bowels of these Elements,
Where we are tortur'd and remaine for euer.
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscrib'd
In one selfe place; but where we are is hell.
And where hell is there must we euer be.
And to be short, when all the world dissolues,
And euery creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that are not heauen.
Faust. I thinke hell's a meere fable.
Meph. I, thinke so still, till experience change thy mind.
Faust. Why dost thou thinke that Faustus shall be damn'd?
Meph. I, of necessity, for here's the scrowle
In which thou hast giuen thy soule to Lucifer.
Faust. I, and body too, but what of that?
Thinkst thou that Faustus is so fond to imagine
That after this life there is any paine?
No, these are trifles, and meere old wiues tales.
Meph. But I am an instance to proue the contrary:
For I tell thee I am damn'd, and now in hell.
Faust. Nay and this be hell, Ile willingly be damn'd:
What sleeping, eating, walking and disputing?
But leauing this, let me haue a wife, the fairest Maid in Germany, for I am wanton and lasciuious, and cannot liue without a wife.
Meph. Well Faustus, thou shalt haue a wife.

He fetches in a Woman Deuill.

Faust. What sight is this?

Meph. How Faustus will thou haue a wife?

Faust. Here's a hot whore indeed: no, Ile no wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a ceremoniall toy,
And if thou louest me thinke no more of it:
Ile cull the out the fairest Curtezans,
And bring them euery morning to thy bed:
She whom thine eye shall like, thine heart shall haue,
Were she as chaste as were Penelope,
As wise as Saba, or as beautifull
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here take this booke and peruse it well:
The iterating of these lines brings gold.
The framing of this circle on the ground,
Brings Thunder, Whirle-winds, storme and lightning.
Pronounce this thrice deuoutly to thy selfe,
And men in harnesse shall appeare to thee,
Ready to execute what thou commandst.

Faust. Thanks Mephostophilis for this sweet booke:
This will I keepe as chary as my life. Exeunt

Enter Wagner solus:

Wag. Learned Faustus,
To know the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount himselfe to scale Olympus top.
Being seated in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaked Dragons necks,
He now is gone to prooue Cosmography,
And as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court:
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
That on this day is highly solemniz'd. Exit Wagner.

Enter Faustus in his Study and Mephostophilis.

Fau. When I behold the heauens then I repent,
And curse thee wicked Mephostophilis.

Because

Because thou hast depriu'd me of those ioyes.

Meph. Twas thine owne seeking Faustus, thanke thy selfe.
But thinkst thou Heauen such a glorious thing?
I tell thee Faustus, it is not halfe so faire
As thou or any man that breaths on earth.

Fau. How prou'st thou that?

Meph. Twas made for man, then hee's more excellent.

Fau. If Heauen was made for man, twas made for me:
I will renounce this Magicke and repent.

Enter the two Angels.

Good An. Faustus repent, yet God will pittie thee.

Bad A. Thou art a Spirit, God cannot pitty thee.

Fau. Who buzzeth in mine eare, I am a Spirit?
Be I a Diuell, yet God may pittie me.
Yea, God will pitty me if I repent.

Bad A. I, but Faustus neuer shall repent.

Exeunt Ang.

Fau. My heart is hardned, I cannot repent:
Scarce can I name Saluation, Faith, or Heauen,
Swords, poysons, halters, and inuenom'd steels,
Are laid before me to dispatch my selfe:
And long ere this time I should haue done the deed,
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deepe dispaire.
Haue not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexanders loue, and Oenons death?
And hath not he that built the wals of Thebes,
With rauishing sound of his melodious Harpe,
Made musicke with my Mephostophilis?
Why should I dye then, or basely dispaire?
I am resolu'd Faustus shall not repent.
Come Mephostophilis, let vs dispute againe,
And reason of Diuine Astrologie.
Speake, are there many Spheares aboue the Moone?
Are all Celestiall bodies but one Globe,
As is the substance of this Centricke Earth?

Meph. As are the Elements ſuch are the Heauens,
Euen from the Moone vnto the Empriall Orbe,
Mutually folded in each others Spheares,
And iointly moue vpon one axle-tree,
Whoſe termine is termed the worlds wide Pole.
Nor are the names of Saturne, Mars, or Iupiter
Fain'd, but are Euening ſtarres.

Fauſt. But haue they all one motion, both ſitu & tempore?

Meph. All moue from Eaſt to Weſt in foure and twentie houres, vpon the Poles of the world, but differ in their motions vpon the Poles of the Zodiacke.

Fau. Theſe ſlender queſtions Wagner can decide:
Hath Mephoſtophilis no greater ſkill?
Who knowes not the double motions of the Planets
That the firſt is finiſht in a naturall day?
The ſecond thus, Saturne in 30 yeares,
Iupiter in 12. Mars in 4. the Sunne, Venus and
Mercurie in a yeare; the Moone in twentie eight dates.
Theſe are freſh mens queſtions: but tell me, hath euery
Spheare a Dominion, or Intelligentia? Meph. I.

Fau. How many Heauens or Spheares are there?

Meph. Nine, the ſeuen Planets, the firmament, and the Emperiall Heauen.

Fau. But is there not Cœlum Igneum & Chriſtallinum?

Meph. No Fauſtus, they be but fables.

Fau. Reſolue me then in this one queſtion:
Why are not Coniunctions, Oppoſitions, Aſpects, Eclipſes,
all at one time, but in ſome yeares we haue more, in ſome leſſe?

Meph. Per inequalem motum reſpectu totius.

Fau. Well, I am anſwer'd: now tell me who made the world?

Meph. I will not.

Fau. Sweet Mephoſtophilis tell me.

Meph. Moue me not Fauſtus.

Fau. Villaine haue not I bound thee to tell me any thing?

Meph. That is not againſt our kingdome.
This is: Thou art damn'd, thinke thou of Hell.

Fau. Thinke Fauſtus vpon God that made the world.

Meph. Remember this. Exit.

Fauſt

Fau. I, go accursed Spirit to vgly hell:
'Tis thou hast damnd distressed Faustus soule. Is not too late?

Enter the two Angels.

Bad. Too late.
Good. Neuer too late if Faustus will repent.
Bad. If thou repent, Diuells will teare thée in péces.
Good. Repent and they shall neuer raze thy skin. Ex. An.
Fau. O Christ my Sauiour, my Sauiour,
Helpe to saue distressed Faustus soule.

Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephostophilis.

Luci. Christ cannot saue thy soule, for he is iust,
There's none but I haue interest in the same.
Faust. O what art thou that lookst so terribly?
Luci. I am Lucifer, & this is my companion prince in hell.
Fau. O Faustus, they are come to fetch thy soule.
Belz. We are come to tell thée thou dost iniure vs.
Luci. Thou calst on Christ contrarie to thy promise.
Belz. Thou shouldst not thinke on God.
Luci. Thinke on the Diuell.
Belz. And his dam too.
Fau. Nor will Faustus henceforth, pardon him for this,
And Faustus vowes neuer to looke to Heauen.
Lucif. So shalt thou shew thy selfe an obedient seruant,
And we will highly gratifie thée for it.
Belz. Faustus, we are come from Hell in Person to shew thée some pastime: sit downe, and thou shalt behold the seuen deadly sinnes appeare to thée in their owne proper shapes and likenesse.
Fau. That sight will be as pleasant vnto me, as Paradise was to Adam the first day of his Creation.
Luci. Talke not of Paradice or Creation, but marke the shew, go Mephostophilis fetch them in.

Enter the seuen deadly Sinnes.

Belz. Now Faustus, question them of their names and dispositions.

Fau. That shall I sone: What art thou first?

Pride. I am Pride: I disdaine to haue any parents: I am like to Ouids Flea, I can crépe into euery corner of a wench: Sometimes like a Perriwigge, I sit vpon her Brow: next, like a Necke-lace, I hang about her Necke: Then, like a Fanne of Feathers, I kisse her: And then turning my selfe to a wrought smocks doe what I list. But fie, what a smell is here? Ile not speake a word more for a Kings Ransome, vnlesse the ground bee perfumed and couered with cloath of Aras.

Fau. Thou art a proud knaue indéed: what art thou the second?

Couet. I am Couetousnesse: begotten of an old Churle in a leather bag: and might I now obtain my wish, this house, you and all, should turne to gold, that I might locke you safe into my chest: O my sweet gold.

Fau. And what art thou the third?

Enuy. I am Enuy: begotten of a Chimney-swéper and an Oyster-wife: I cannot reade, and therefore wish all bookes burned. I am leane with seeing others eate: O that there would come a famine ouer all the world, that all might die, & I liue alone, then thou shouldst sée how fat I'de bee. But must thou sit and I stand? come downe with a vengeance.

Fau. Out enuious wretch: But what art thou the fourth?

Wrath. I am Wrath: I had neither Father nor Mother, I leapt out of a Lyons mouth when I was scarce an houre old, and haue euer since run vp and downe the world with these case of Rapiers, wounding my selfe when I could get none to fight withall: I was borne in Hell, and looke to it, for some of you shall be my father.

Fau. And what art thou the fift?

Glut. I am Gluttony: my parents are all dead, and the diuell a penny they haue left me but a small pention, and that buyes me thirtie meales a day, and ten Beuers: a small trifle to suffice nature. I came of a royall Pedigrée, my Father was a Gammon of Bacon, and my Mother was a Hogs head of Claret wine. My God-fathers were these: Peter pickled herring, and Martin Martlemas béefe: But my God-

mother

mother, O she was an ancient Gentlewoman, her name was Margery March-bèere. Now Faustus thou hast heard all my Progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper?

Fau. Not I.

Glut. Then the Deuill choake thée.

Fau. Choake thy selfe Glutton: What art thou the first?

Sloth. Hey ho: I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny-bank, hèy ho, Ile not speake a word more for a kings ransom.

Fau. And what are you Mistris Minks, the seuenth and last?

Letch. Who? I sir? I am one that loues an inche of raw Mutton, better then an ell of fride Stockfish: and the first letter of my name begins with Letchery.

Lucif. Away to hell, away, on Piper. Ex. the 7. Sinnes.

Fau. O how this sight doth delight my soule.

Lucif. But Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

Fau. O might I see hell, and returne againe safe, how happy were I then?

Lucif. Faustus, thou shalt: at midnight I will send for thée, Meane while peruse this booke, and view it throughly, And thou shalt turne thy selfe into what shape thou wilt.

Fau. Thanks mighty Lucifer,
This will I keepe as chary as my life.

Lucif. Now Faustus farewell.

Fau. Farewell great Lucifer. Come Mephostophilis.

Exeunt omnes, seuerall wayes.

Enter the Clowne.

What Dick, looke to the horses there till I come againe,
I haue gotten one of Doctor Faustus coniuring bookes, and now wee'le haue such knauery as't passes.

Enter Dick.

Dic. What Robin, you must come away & walke the horses.

Rob. I walke the horses? I feare n't ifaith, I haue other matters in hand, let the horses walk themselues an they will. A per se a, t. h. e. the: o per se o, deny, orgon, gorgon: keepe further from me O thou illiterate and vnlearned Hostler.

Dic. Snayles, what hast thou got there? a booke? why thou canst not tell ne're a word on't.

Rob.

Rob. That thou shalt sée presently: kéepe out of the Circle I say, lest I send you into the Ostry with a vengeance.

Dic. That's like ifaith: you had best leaue your fœlery, for an my master come, hée'le coniure you ifaith.

Rob. My master coniure me? Ile tell thée what, an my master come here, Ile clape a faire paire of hornes on's head, as ere thou sawst in thy life.

Dic. Thou néedst not do that, for my mistris hath done it.

Rob. I, there be of vs here that haue waded as déepe into matters as other men, if they were disposed to talke.

Dick. A plague take you, I thought you did not sneake vp and downe after her for nothing. But I prethée tell me in good sadnesse Robin, is that a coniuring Booke?

Rob. Do but speake what thou'lt haue me to doe, and Ile do't: If thoul't dance naked, put off thy clothes, and Ile coniure thée about presently: Or if thou'lt go but to the Tauerne with me, Ile giue thée White wine, Red-wine, Claret-wine, Sacke, Muskadine, Malmesey, and Whippincrust, hold belly hold, and wée'le not pay one penny for it.

Dick. O braue, I prethée let's to it presently, for I am as dry as a dog,

Rob. Come then let vs away. Exeunt.

Enter the Chorus.

Learned Faustus, to finde the secrets of Astronomy
Grauen in the Booke of Ioues high firmament,
Did mount him vp to scale Olympus top:
Where sitting in a Chariot burning bright,
Drawne by the strength of yoaked Dragons necks:
To view the Clouds, the Planets and the Stars,
The Tropicke Zones, and quarters of the sky,
From the bright circle of the horned Moone,
Euen to the height of Primum mobile:
And whirling round with his circumference,
Within the concaue compasse of the Pole,
From East to West his Dragons swiftly glide,
And in eight daies did bring him home againe.

Not long he stayed within his quiet house
To rest his bones after his weary toyle,
But new exployts doe hale him out agen,
And mounted then vpon a Dragons backe,
That with his wings did part the subtill Ayre,
He now is gone to proue Cosmography,
That measures coasts and kindomes of the earth:
And as I guesse, will first arriue at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his Court,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which this day is highly solemnized. Exit.

Enter Faustus and Mephostoplilis.

Faust, Hauing now my good Mephostophilis.
Past with delight the stately towne of Trier:
Inuiron'd with ayry mountaine tops,
With walls of flint, and deepe intrenched Lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering Prince,
From Paris next, coasting the Realme of France,
We saw the Riuer Maine fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groues of fruitful Vines.
Then vnto Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings faire, and gorgeous to the eye,
The streets straight-forth, & paued with finest brick.
There saw we learn'd Maroes golden tombe:
The way he cut an English mile in length,
Through a rocke of stone in one nights space.
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the East,
In one of which a sumptuous Temple stands,
That threats the Starres with her aspiring top,
Whose frame is paued with sundry coloured stones,
And roofte aloft with curious worke in gold.
Thus hitherto hath Faustus spent his time.
But tell me now what resting place is this?
Hast thou, as earst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

Meph. I haue my Faustus, and for proofe thereof,

This is the goodly Pallace of the Pope:
And cause we are no common guests,
I chuse his priuie Chamber for our vse.
Faust. I hope his Holinesse will bid you welcome.
Meph. All's one, for wele be bold with his venison.
But now my Faustus that thou maist perceiue
What Rome containes, for to delight thine eyes:
Know that this City stands vpon seuen hills,
That vnder-prop the ground-worke of the same:
Just through the midst runs flowing Tibers streame,
With winding banks that cut it in two parts:
Ouer the which two stately bridges leane,
That make safe passage to each part of Rome,
Vpon the Bridge cal'd Ponto Angelo
Erected is a Castle passing strong
Where thou shalt see such store of Ordinance,
As that the double Cannons forg'd of Brasse,
Do match the number of the daies contain'd
Within the compasse of one compleat yeare:
Beside the gates and high Pyramides,
That Iulius Cæsar brought from Affrica
Faust. Now by the kingdomes of infernall rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery Lake
Of euer-burning Phlegeton I sweare,
That I doe long to see these Monuments,
And situation of bright splendant Rome,
Come therefore lets away.
Meph. Nay stay my Faustus, I know you'd see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peters feast,
The which in state and high solemnity,
This day is held through Rome and Italy,
In honour of the Popes triumphant victory.
Faust. Sweet Mephostophilis thou pleasest me,
Whilst I am here on earth let me be cloid
With all things that delight the heart of man.
My foure and twenty yeares of liberty,
Ile spend in pleasure and in dalliance,
That Faustus name while this bright frame doth stand,

May

May be admired through the furthest land.
Meph. 'Tis well said Faustus, come then stand by me,
And thou shalt see them come immediatly.
Faust. Nay stay my gentle Mephostophilis,
And grant me my request and then I go.
Thou knowst within the compasse of eight daies,
We view'd the face of heaven, of earth, and hell.
So high our Dragons soar'd into the Ayre,
That looking downe, the earth appear'd to me,
No bigger then my hand in quantitie.
There did we view the kingdomes of the world,
And what might please mine eye I there beheld.
Then in this shew let me an actor be,
That this proud Pope may Faustus cunning see.
Meph. Let it be so my Faustus, but first stay,
And view their triumphs, as they passe this way,
And then devise what best contents thy mind,
By cunning in thine Art to crosse the Pope,
Or dash the pride of his solemnitie;
To make his Monkes and Abbots stand like apes,
And point like antiques to his triple crowne:
To beat the beads about the Friers pates,
Or clap huge hornes upon the Cardinalls heads:
Or any villanie thou canst devise,
And Ile performe Faustus: harke, they come:
This day shall make thee be admir'd in Rome.

Enter Cardinalls and Bishops, some bearing Crosiers, some the Pillars, Monks and Friers singing their procession: Then the Pope, and Raymond King of Hungary, with Bruno led in Chaines.

Pope. Cast downe our foot-stoole.
Ray. Saxon Bruno stoope,
Whilst on thy backe his Holinesse ascends
Saint Peters chaire, and state Pontificall.
Bru. Proud Lucifer, that state belongs to me:
But thus I fall to Peter, not to thee.

Pope. To me and Peter, ſhalt thou groueling lie,
And crouch before the papall dignitie:
Sound Trumpets then, for thus Saint Peters Heyre,
From Bruno's backe aſcends Saint Peters Chaire.

A Flouriſh while he aſcends.

Thus, as the gods creepe on with feet of wooll,
Long ere with iron hands they puniſh men,
So ſhall our ſleeping vengeance now ariſe.
Lord Cardinals of France and Padua,
Go forth with to the holy Conſiſtory,
And reade amongſt the ſtatutes decretall,
What by the holy Councell held at Trent,
The ſacred Synod hath decreed for him,
That doth aſſume the Papall gouernment,
Without election and a true conſent:
Away, and bring vs word with ſpeed.

1 Card. We go my Lord.

Exeunt Card.

Pope. Lord Raymond.

Fauſt. Go haſt thee gentle Mephoſtophilis,
Follow the Cardinals to the Conſiſtorie;
And as they turne their ſuperſtitious bookes,
Strike them with ſloth and drowſie idleneſſe:
And make them ſleepe ſo ſound, that in their ſhapes,
Thy ſelfe and I may parley with the Pope,
This proud confronter of the Emperour:
And in diſpight of all his Holineſſe
Reſtore this Bruno to his libertie,
And beare him to the States of Germanie.

Meph. Fauſtus, I goe.

Fauſt. Diſpatch it ſoone,
The Pope ſhall curſe that Fauſtus came to Rome.

Exit Fauſtus and Meph.

Bruno. Pope Adrian, let me haue right of Law,
I was elected by the Emperor.

Pope. We will depoſe the Emperor for that deed,
And curſe the people that ſubmit to him;
Both he and thou ſhall ſtand excommunicate,

And

And interdict from Churches priuiledge,
And all societie of holie men:
Ye growes so proud in his authoritie,
Lifting his loftie head aboue the clouds,
And like a steeple ouer-peeres the Church.
But wee'll pull downe his haughtie insolence:
And as Pope Alexander, our progenitor,
Trod on the necke of Germane Fredericke,
Adding this golden sentence to our praise;
That Peters heyres should tread on Emperors,
And walke vpon the dreadfull Adders backe,
Treading the Lyon and the Dragon downe.
And fearelesse spurne the killing Basilicke:
So will we quell that haughtie Schismatique,
And by authoritie Apostolicall
Depose him from his regall gouernement.

Bru. Pope Iulius swore to Princely Sigismond,
For him and the succeeding Popes of Rome,
To hold the Emperors their lawfull Lords.

Pope. Pope Iulius did abuse the Churches rites,
And therefore none of his decrees can stand.
Is not all power on earth bestowd on vs?
And therefore though we would, we cannot erre.
Behold this siluer Belt whereto is fixt
Seuen golden scales fast sealed with seuen seales,
In token of our seuen-fold power from heauen,
To bind or lose, locke fast, condemne, or iudge,
Resigne, or seale, or what so pleaseth vs.
Then he and thou, and all the world shall stoope,
Or be assured of our dreadfull curse,
To light as heauie as the paines of Hell.

Enter Faustus and Mephosto. like the Cardinalls.

Meph. Now tell me Faustus, are we not fitted well?

Faust. Yes Mephostophilis, and two such Cardinalls
Ne're seru'd a holy Pope, as we shall doe.
But whilst they sleepe within the Consistorie,

Let vs ſalute his reuerend Fatherhood.
Ray. Behold my Lord the Cardinals are return'd.
Pope. Welcome graue Fathers, anſwere preſently,
What hath our holy Councell there decréd
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor,
In quittance of their late conſpiracy
Againſt our State and Papall dignitie?
Fauſt. Moſt ſacred Patron of the church of Rome,
By full conſent of all the Synod
Of Prieſts and Prelates, it is thus decreed:
That Bruno and the Germane Emperor
Be held as Lollards and bold Schiſmatiques,
And proud diſturbers of the churches peace.
And if that Bruno by his owne aſſent,
Without enforcement of the Germane Peeres,
Did ſeeke to weare the triple Diadem,
And by your death, to climbe Saint Peters chaire,
The Statutes decretall haue thus decreed,
Ye ſhall be ſtraight condemn'd of hereſie,
And on a pile of faggots burnt to death.
Pope. It is enough; here, take him to your charge,
And beare him ſtraight to Ponto Angelo,
And in the ſtrongeſt tower encloſe him faſt;
To morrow ſitting in our Conſiſtorie,
With all our colledge of graue Cardinals,
We will determine of his life or death.
Here, take this triple crowne along with you,
And leaue it in the churches treaſurie.
Make haſt againe, my good Lord Cardinalls,
And take our bleſſing apoſtolicall.
Meph. So, ſo, was neuer Diuell thus bleſt before.
Fauſt. Away ſweet Mephoſto, be gone,
The Cardinalls will be plagu'd for this anon.
Ex. Fauſtus and Mephoſto.
Pope. Go preſently, and bring a banquet forth,
That we may ſolemnize Saint Peters feaſt,
And with Lord Raymond, King of Hungarie,
Drinke to our late and happie victorie. Exeunt.

A Sonet, while the Banquet is brought in, and then Enter Faustus and Mephostophilis in their owne shapes.

Meph: Now Faustus come prepare thy selfe for mirth,
The sléepy Cardinals are hard at hand,
To censure Bruno, that is posted hence,
And on a proud pac'd stéed, as swift as thought,
Flies ore the Alpes to fruitfull Germany,
There to salute the wofull Emperor.
Faust. The Pope will curse them for their sloth to day,
That slept both Bruno and his Crowne away:
But now that Faustus may delight his mind,
And by their folly make some merriment,
Sweet Mephostophilis so charme me here,
That I may walke invisible to all,
And doe what ere I please, unséene of any.
Meph. Faustus thou shalt, then kneele downe presently.
Whilst on thy head I lay my hand,
And charme thee with this Magicke wand,
First weare this Girdle, then appeare
Invisible to all are here:
The Planets seuen, the gloomy Ayre,
Hell and the Furies forked haire,
Plutoes blew fire, and Hecats Tree,
With Magicke spels so compasse thee,
That no eye may thy body see.

So Faustus, now for all their holinesse,
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not be discern'd.
Faust. Thanks Mephosto: now Friers take héed,
Lest Faustus make your shaven Crownes to bleed.
Meph. Faustus no more: see where the Cardinals come.

Enter Pope and all the Lords. Enter the Cardinalls with a Booke.

Pope. Welcome Lord Cardinals: come sit downe.

Lord

Lord Raymond, take your ſeat, Fryers attend,
And ſee that all things be in readineſſe,
As beſt beſeemes this ſolemne feſtiuall.
1 Card. Firſt may it pleaſe your ſacred Holineſſe
To view the ſentence of the reuerend Synod,
Concerning Bruno and the Emperor.
Pope. What needs this queſtion? did I not tell you,
To morrow we would ſit i'th Conſiſtory,
And there determine of his puniſhment:
You brought vs word euen now, it was decreed
That Bruno and the curſed Emperor
Were by the holy Councell both condemn'd
For loathed Lollords, and baſe Schiſmatickes:
Then where ore would you haue me view that booke?
1 Card. Your Grace miſtakes, you gaue vs no ſuch charge.
Ray. Deny it not, we all are witneſſes
That Bruno here was late deliuered you,
With his rich triple Crowne to be reſeru'd
And put into the Churches treaſury.
Amb. Card. By holy Paul we ſaw them not.
Pope. By Peter you ſhall dye,
Vnleſſe you bring them forth immediately.
Hale them forth to priſon, lade their limbs with gyues:
False Prelates for this hatefull trechery,
Curſt be your ſoules to hellish miſery.
Faust. So, they are ſafe: now Fauſtus to the feaſt,
The Pope had neuer ſuch a frolike gueſt.
Pope. Lord Archbiſhop of Reames, ſit downe with vs.
Biſh. I thanke your Holineſſe.
Fau. Fall to, the Diuell choake an you ſpare.
Pope. Who's that ſpoke? Fryers looke about.
Lord Raymond pray fall to: I am beholden
To the Biſhop of Millaine, for this ſo rare a preſent.
Faust. I thanke you ſir.
Pope. How now? who ſnatcht the meat from me?
Villaines, why ſpeake ye not?
My good Lord Archbiſhop, here's a moſt dainty diſh,
Was ſent me from a Cardinall in France.

Faust. Ile haue that too.

Pope. What Lollards doe attend our Holinesse,
That we receiue this great indignity? fetch me some wine.

Faust. I pray doe, for Faustus is a dry.

Pope. Lord Raymond, I drinke vnto your Grace.

Faust. I pledge your Grace.

Pope. My wine gone too? ye Lubbers looke about,
And find the man that doth this villany,
Or by our sanctitude ye all shall dy.
I pray my Lords haue patience
At this troublesome Banquet.

Bish. Please your Holinesse, I thinke it be some Ghost crept out of Purgatory, and now is come vnto your Holinesse for his pardon.

Pope. It may be so:
Goe then command our Priests to sing a Dirge,
To lay the fury of this same troublesome Ghost.

Faust. How now? must euery bit be spiced with a Crosse? Nay then take that.

Pope. O, I am slaine, helpe me my Lords:
O come and helpe to beare my body hence:
Damn'd be his soule for euer for this deed.

Exeunt Pope and his traine.

Meph. Now Faustus, what will you doe now? for I can tel you, you'le be curst with Bell, Booke, and Candle.

Faust. Bell, Booke, and Candle: Candle, Booke and Bell:
Forward and backward to curse Faustus to Hell.

Enter the Friers, with Bell, Booke, and Candle, for the Dirge.

1 Frier. Come brethren, let's about our busines with good deuotion.

Cursed be he that stole his Holinesse meat from the Table.

Maledicat Dominus.

Cursed be he that stroke his Holinesse a blow on the face.

Maledicat Dominus.

Curſed be he that ſtrucke Frier Sandelo a blow on the pate.
Maledicat Dom.
Curſed be he that diſturbeth our holy Dirge.
Maledicat Dom.
Curſed be he that rooke away his Holineſſe wine.
Maledicat Dom.

Beat the Friers, fling fire-workes among them.
and Exeunt. Exeunt.

Enter Clowne and Dicke with a cup.

Dick. Sirra Robin, we were beſt looke that your Deuill can anſwer the ſtealing of this ſame Cup, for the Vintners Boy followes vs at the hard héeles.

Rob. 'Tis no matter, let him come; and he follow vs, Ile ſo coniure him, as he was neuer coniur'd in his life, I warrant him; let me ſée the Cup.

Enter Vintener.

Dicke. Here tis: Yonder he comes: Now Robin, now or neuer ſhew thy cunning.

Vint. O are you here? I am glad I haue found you, you are a couple of fine companions: pray where's the cup you ſtole from the Tauerne?

Rob. How, how? we ſteale a cup, take héed what you ſay, we looke not like cup-ſtealers I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer deny't, for I know you haue it, and Ile ſearch you.

Rob. Search me? I and ſpare not: hold the cup Dick, come, come, ſearch me, ſearch me.

Vint. Come on ſirra, let me ſearch you now.

Dicke. I, I, doe, doe, hold the cup Robin, I feare not your ſearching: we ſcorne to ſteale cups I can tell you.

Vint. Neuer outface me for the matter, for ſure the cup is betwéene you two.

Rob. May there you lye, tis beyond vs both.

Vint.

Vint. A plague take you, I thought twas your knauerie to take it away. Come giue it me againe.

Rob. I, much: when, can you tell? Dicke make me a circle, and stand close at my backe, and stirre not for thy life. Vintner you shall haue your cup anon, say nothing Dicke: O per se O, Demigorgon, Belcher and Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephostophilis.

Meph. You Princely Legions of Infernall Rule,
How am I vexed by these villaines charmes?
From Constantinople haue they brought me now,
Onely for pleasure of these damned slaues.

Rob. By Lady sir, you haue had a shrewd iourney of it, will it please you to take a shoulder of mutton to supper, and a Tester in your purse, and go backe againe.

Dic. I, I pray you heartily sir; for we cal'd you but in iest, I promise you.

Meph. To purge the rashnesse of this cursed deed,
First, be thou turned to this vgly shape,
For apish deeds transformed to an Ape.

Rob. O braue, an Ape? I pray sir let me haue the carrying of him about to shew some trickes.

Meph. And so thou shalt: be thou transform'd to a Dogge, and carrie him vpon thy backe, away, begone.

Rob. A dog, thats excellent: let the Maides looke well to their Porridge-pots, for Ile into the kitchin presently: come Dicke, come.

Exeunt the two Clownes.

Meph. Now with the flames of euer-burning fire,
Ile wing my selfe, and forthwith flie amaine
Vnto my Faustus, to the great Turkes Court. Exit.

Enter Martino and Fredericke at seuerall doores.

Mart. What ho, Officers, Gentlemen,
Hie to the presence, to attend the Emperor,
Good Fredericke see the rooms be voided straight,

His Maieſtie is comming to the Hall,
Go backe, and ſée the State in readineſſe.
Fre. But where is Bruno our elected Pope,
That on a furies backe came poſt from Rome,
Will not his Grace comfort the Emperor?
Mart. O yes, and with him comes the Germane Conjurer,
The learned Fauſtus, fame of Wittenberge,
The wonder of the world for Magicke Art,
And he intends to ſhew great Carolus
The race of all his ſtout Progenitors:
And bring in preſence of his Maieſtie
The royall ſhapes, and perfect ſemblances
Of Alexander and his beautious Paramour.
Fre. Where is Benuolio?
Mart. Faſt aſléepe I warrant you,
Ye take his rouſe with ſtoopes of Reniſh wine
So kindly yeſternight to Bruno's health,
That all this day the ſluggard kéepes his bed.
Fre. See ſée his windowe's ope, we'll call to him.
Mart. What ho Benuolio.

Enter Benuolio aboue at a window, in his night-cap: buttoning.

Ben. What a Diuill ayle you two?
Mar. Speake ſoftly ſir, leſt the Diuell heare you,
For Fauſtus at the Court is late arriu'd,
And at his héeles ten thouſand Furies wait,
To accompliſh whatſoeuer the Doctor pleaſe.
Ben. What of this?
Mar. Come leaue thy chamber firſt, and thou ſhalt ſée
This Conjurer performe ſuch rare exploits,
Before the Pope and royall Emperor,
As neuer yet was ſéene in Germany.
Ben. Has not the Pope enough of conjuring yet?
He was vpon the Diuels backe late enough,
And if he be ſo farre in loue with him,

I would he would post with him to Rome againe.

Fred. Speake, wilt thou come and see this sport?

Ben. Not I.

Mar. Wilt thou stand in thy window and see it then?

Ben. I, and I fall not asleepe ith the meane time.

Mar. The Emperor is at hand, who comes to see
What wonders by blacke spells may compast be.

Ben. Well, goe you attend the Emperor: I am content for this once to thrust my head out at a window: for they say, if a man be drunke over night, the Diuell cannot hurt him in the morning: if that be true, I haue a charme in my head, shall controule him as well as the Coniurer, I warrant you.

Exit.

A Sinet. Enter Charles the Germane Emperor, Bruno, Saxony, Faustus, Mephostophilis, Fredericke, Martino, and Attendants.

Emp. Wonder of men, renown'd Magitian,
Thrice learned Faustus, welcome to our court.
This deed of thine in setting Bruno free,
From his and our professed enemie,
Shall adde more excellence vnto thine art,
Then if by powerfull Necromanticke spells,
Thou couldst command the worlds obedience:
For euer be belou'd of Carolus.
And if this Bruno thou hast late redeem'd,
In peace possesse the triple Diadem,
And sit in Peters chaire despight of chance,
Thou shalt be famous through all Italie.
And honour'd of the Germane Emperor.

Faust. These gratious words, most royall Carolus,
Shall make poore Faustus to his vtmost power,
Both loue and serue the Germane Emperor,
And lay his life at holy Bruno's feet.
For proofe wherenot, if so your Grace be pleas'd,

The Doctor ſtands prepar'd by power of art,
To caſt his Magicks charmes that ſhall pierce through
The Ebon gates of euer-burning Hell,
And hale the ſtubborne Furies from their caues,
To compaſſe whatſoeuer your Grace commands.

Ben. Blood he ſpeakes terribly: but for all that I doe not greatly beléeue him, he lookes as like a Coniurer, as the Pope to a Coſtermonger.

Emp. Then Fauſtus as thou late didſt promiſe vs,
We would behold that famous Conqueror,
Great Alexander and his Paramour,
In their true ſhapes and ſtate Maieſticall,
That We may wonder at their excellence.

Fau. Your Maieſtie ſhall ſée them preſently,
Mephoſtophilis away.
And with a ſolemne noyſe of trumpets ſound,
Preſent before the royall Emperor,
Great Alexander and his beauteous Paramour.

Meph. Fauſtus I will.

Ben. Well M. Doctor, and your Diuells, come not away quickely, you ſhall haue me aſléepe preſently: zounds I could eate my ſelfe for anger, to thinke I haue bin ſuch an aſſe all this while to ſtand gaping after the Diuells Gouernour, and can ſée nothing.

Fauſt. Ile make you féele ſomething anon if my art fayle me not.
My Lord I muſt forewarne your Maieſtie,
That when my Spirits preſent the royall ſhapes
Of Alexander and his Paramour,
Your Grace demands no queſtions of the King,
But in dumbe ſilence let them come and goe.

Emp. Be it as Fauſtus pleaſe, We are content.

Ben. I, I, and I am content too: and thou bring Alexander and his Paramour before the Emperor, Ile bee Acteon and turne my ſelfe to a ſtagge.

Fauſt. And Ile play Diana, and ſend you the hornes preſently.

Senit.

Senit. Enter at one doore the Emperor *Alexander*, at the other *Darius*; they meet, *Darius* is throwne downe, *Alexander* kils him, takes off his Crowne, and offering to goe out, his Paramour meets him, he embraceth her, and sets *Darius* Crowne vpon her head; and comming back, both salute the Emperor, who leauing his seat, offers to embrace them, which *Faustus* seeing, suddenly stayes him. Then Trumpets cease, and Musicke sounds.

My gracious Lord, you doe forget your selfe,
They are but shadowes, not substantiall.
Emp. O pardon me, my thoughts are so rauished
With sight of this renowned Emperor,
That in mine armes I would haue compast him:
But Faustus since I may not speake to them,
To satisfie my longing thought at full,
Let me this tell thee: I haue heard it said,
That this faire Lady while she liu'd on earth,
Had on her necke a little wart or mole;
How may I prooue that saying to be true?
Fau. Your Maiesty may boldly goe and see.
Emp. Faustus, I see it plaine,
And in this sight thou better pleasest me,
Then if I had gain'd another Monarchy.
Faust. Away, be gone.

Exit show.

See, see my gracious Lord, what strange beast is yon.
That thrusts his head out at the window?
Emp. O wondrous sight! see Duke of Saxony,
Two spreading hornes most strangely fastned
Vpon the head of yong Benuolio.
Sax. What is he asleepe or dead?
Faust. He sleepes my Lord, but dreames not of his hornes.
Emp. This sport is excellent; wee'le call and wake him.

What

What ho, Benuolo.

Ben. A plague vpon you let me ſléepe awhile.

Emp. I blame thée not to ſléepe much, hauing ſuch a head of thine owne.

Sax. Looke vp Benuolio, tis the Emperor cals.

Ben. The Emperor? where? O zounds my head.

Emp. Nay, and thy hornes hold, tis no matter for thy head, for that's arm'd ſufficiently.

Fau. Why how now ſir Knight, what hang'd by the hornes: this is moſt horrible: fie, fie, pull in your head for ſhame, let not all the world wonder at you.

Ben. Zounds Doctor this is your villany.

Fauſt. O ſay not ſo ſir, the Doctor has no skill,
No art, no cunning, to preſent theſe Lords,
Or bring before this royall Emperor
The mighty Monarch, warlike Alexander,
If Fauſtus do it, you are ſtraight reſolu'd
In bold Acteons ſhape to turne a ſtagge.
And therefore my Lord, ſo pleaſe your Maieſty,
Ile raiſe a kennell of hounds ſhall hunt him ſo,
That all his footmanſhip ſhall ſcarce preuaile,
To kéepe his carkaſſe from their bloody phangs.
Ho, Belimote, Argiron, Aſterote.

Ben. Hold, hold: Zounds hée'le raiſe vp a kennell of diuels I thinke anon: good my Lord intreat for me: s'blood I am neuer able to endure theſe torments.

Emp. Then good M. Doctor,
Let me intreat you to remoue his hornes,
He hath done penance now ſufficiently.

Fauſt. My gracious Lord, not ſo much for injury done to me, as to delight your Maieſty with ſome mirth, hath Fauſtus iuſtly requited this iniurious Knight, which being all I deſire, I am content to remoue his horne. Mephoſtophilis, transforme him, and hereafter, ſirra you ſpeake well of ſcholers.

Benu. Speake well of ye: s'blood and Schollers be ſuch Cuckold-makers to clap hornes of honeſt mens heads o'this order, Ile neuer truſt ſmooth faces, and ſmall ruffes more. But

and I be not reueng'd for this, would I might be turn'd to a gaping Oyster, and drinke nothing but salt water.

Emp. Come Faustus, while the Emperor liues,
In recompence of this thy high desert,
Thou shalt command the state of Germany,
And liue belou'd of mighty Carolus.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Benuolio, Martino, Fredericke, and Souldiers.

Mart. May sweet Benuolio, let vs stay thy thoughts,
From this attempt against the Conjurer.

Ben. Away, you loue me not to vrge me thus,
Shall I let slip so great an injury,
When euery seruile groome iests at my wrongs,
And in their rusticke gambalds proudly say,
Benuolio's head was grac'd with hornes to day?
O may these eye-lids neuer close againe,
Till with my sword I haue the Conjurer slaine.
If you will ayde me in this enterprise,
Then draw your weapons and be resolute:
If not, depart: here will Benuolio dye,
But Faustus death shall quite thy infamy.

Fred. Nay, we will stay with thee, betide what may,
And kill the Doctor if he come this way.

Ben. Then gentle Fredericke hie thee to the groue,
And place our seruants and our followers,
Close in ambush there behind the trees,
By this I know the Conjurer is neere,
I saw him kneele and kisse the Emperors hand
And take his leaue laden with rich rewards.
Then souldiers bravely fight, if Faustus dye,
Take you the wealth, leaue vs the victory.

Fred. Come souldiers, follow me vnto the groue,
Who kills him shall haue gold and endlesse loue.

Exit Fredericke with the Souldiers.

Ben. My head is lighter then it was by th'hornes,

But yet my heart's more ponderous then my head,
And pants vntill I ſée the Coniurer dead.

Mart. Where ſhall we place our ſelues Benuolio?

Ben. Here will we ſtay to bide the firſt aſſault,
O were that damned hell-hound but in place,
Thou ſoone ſhouldſt ſée me quit my ſoule diſgrace.

Enter Fredericke.

Fred. Cloſe, cloſe, the Coniurer is at hand,
And all alone comes walking in his gowne:
Be ready then, and ſtrike that Peaſant downe.

Ben. Mine be that honour then: now ſword ſtrike home,
For hornes he gaue Ile haue his head anone.

Enter Fauſtus with his falſe head.

Mart. See, ſée, he comes.

Ben. No words, this blow ends all,
Hell take his ſoule, his body thus muſt fall.

Fauſt. Oh.

Fred. Grone you Maſter Doctor?

Ben. Breake may his heart with grones: deere Frederick ſtand
Thus will I end his gries immediately.

Mart. Strike with a willing hand, his head is off.

Ben. The Diuel's dead, the Furies may ſwagh.

Fre. Was this that ſterne aſpect, that awfull frowne,
Made the grim Monarch of infernall ſpirits,
Tremble and quake at his commanding Charmes?

Mart. Was this that damned head, whoſe heart conſpir'd
Benuolio's ſhame before the Emperor?

Ben. I thats the head, and there the body lies,
Juſtly rewarded for his villanies.

Fred. Come let's deuiſe how we may adde more ſhame
To the blacke ſcandall of his hated name.

Ben. Firſt, on his head, in quittance of my wrongs,
Ile naile huge forked hornes, and let them hang.
Within the window where he raak'd me firſt,
That all the World may ſée my iuſt reuenge.

Mart. What vſe ſhall we put his beard to?

Ben. Weele sell it to a Chimney-sweepe: it will weare out ten birchin browmes I warrant you.

Fred. What shall his eies doe?

Ben. Weele pull out his eyes, and they shall serue for buttons to his lips, to keepe his tongue from catching cold.

Mart. An excellent policy: and now Sirs having diuided him, what shall the body doe?

Ben. Zounds the Deuill's aliue againe.

Fred. Giue him his head for Gods sake.

Faust. Nay keepe it: Faustus will haue heads and hands,
I call your hearts to recompence this deed,
Knew you not Traytors I was limited
For foure and twenty yeeres to breathe on earth,
And had you cut my body with your swords,
Or hew'd this flesh and bones as small as sand,
Yet in a minute had my spirit return'd,
And I had breath'd a man made free from harme.
But whereforе doe I dally my reuenge?
Asteroth, Belimoth, Mephostophilis.

Enter Mephost. and other Deuils.

Goe horse these Traytors on your fiery backes,
And mount aloft with them as high as heauen,
Then pitch them headlong to the lowest hell:
Yet stay, the world shall see their misery,
And hell shall after plague their trechery.
Go Belimoth, and take this Caitiffe hence,
And hurle him in some lake of mud and durt:
Take thou this other, dragge him through the woods,
Among the pricking thornes and sharpest briers,
Whilst with my gentle Mephostophilis,
This Traytor flies vnto some steepy rocke,
That rowling downe, may breake the villaines bones,
As he intended to dismember me.
Fly hence, dispatch my charge immediately.

Fred. Pity vs gentle Faustus, saue our liues.

Faust. Away.

Fred. He must needs goe that the Deuill driues.

Exeunt Spirits with the Knights.

Enter the Ambuſht Souldiers.

1 Sold. Come ſirs, prepare your ſelues in readineſſe,
Make haſt to helpe theſe noble Gentlemen,
I heard them parley with the Coniurer.
2. Sold. See where he comes, diſpatch and kill the ſlaue.
Fauſt. Whats here? an ambuſh to betray my life:
Then Fauſtus trie thy ſkill: baſe Peſants ſtand;
For loe the trées remoue at my command.
And ſtand as bulwarks twixt your ſelues and me,
To ſhield me from your hated trecherie:
Yet to encounter this your weake attempt,
Behold an armie comes incontinent.

Fauſtus ſtrikes the doore, and enter a Diuell playing on a drum, after him another bearing an Enſigne: and diuers with weapons, Mephoſtophilis with fire-workes; they ſet vpon the Souldiers and driue them out.

Enter at ſeueral doores Benuolio, Fredericke, and Martino, their heads and faces bloodie, and beſmeard with mud and dirt; hauing all hornes on their heads.

Mart. What ho, Benuolio?
Ben. Here, what Fredericke, ho:
Fred. O helpe me gentle friend, where is Martino?
Mart. Dare Fredericke here,
Halfe ſmothered in a lake of mud and dirt,
Through which the Furies drag'd me by the héeles.
Fred. Martino ſée,
Benuolio's hornes againe.
Mart. O miſerie, how now Benuolio?
Ben. Defend me heauen, ſhall I be haunted ſtill?
Mart. Nay feare not man, we haue no power to kill.
Ben. My friends tranſformed thus: O hellish ſpite,

Your heads are all set with hornes.

Fred. You hit it right,
It is your owne you meane, feele on your head.

Ben. Zounds hornes againe.

Mart. Nay chafe not man, we are all sped.

Ben. What divell attends this damn'd Magician,
That spight of spite, our wrongs are doubled?

Fred. What may we do that we may hide our shames?

Ben. If we should follow him to worke revenge,
Yee'le joyne long asses eares to these huge hornes,
And make vs laughing stocks to all the world.

Mart. What shall we then doe, deere Benuolio?

Ben. I haue a Castle joyning neere these woods,
And thither wee'll repaire, and live obscure,
Till time shall alter these our brutish shapes:
Sith blacke disgrace hath thus eclipst our fame,
Weele rather die with griefe, then live with shame.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Faustus, and the Horse-courser, and Mephostophilis.

Horse-c. I beseech your worship accept of these forty Dollers.

Faust. Friend, thou canst not buy so good a horse for so small a price: I haue no great need to sell him, but if thou likest him for ten dollers more, take him, because I see thou hast a good mind to him.

Horse. I beseech you sir accept of this; I am a verie poore man, and haue lost very much of late by horse-flesh, and this bargaine will set me vp againe.

Faust. Well I will not stand with thee; give me the mony: now sirra I must tell you, that you may ride him o're hedge and ditch, and spare him not, but doe you heare? in any case ride him not into the water.

Horse. How sir, not into the water? why will he not drinke of all waters.

Fauſt. Yes, he will drinke of all waters, but ride him not into the water: ore hedge and ditch, or where thou wilt, but not into the water: Go bid the Hoſtler deliuer him vnto you, and remember what I ſay.

Horſe. I warrant you ſir: O ioyfull day, now am I a made man for euer. Exit.

Fauſt. What art thou Fauſtus, but a man condemn'd to die?
Thy fatall time drawes to a finall end:
Diſpaire doth driue diſtruſt into my thoughts.
Confound theſe paſſions with a quiet ſléepe,
Tuſh Chriſt did call the théefe vpon the croſſe,
Then reſt thée Fauſtus quiet in conceit.

He ſits to ſleepe.

Enter the Horſe-courſer wet.

Horſe. O what a coſening Doctor was this? I riding my horſe into the water, thinking ſome hidden myſtery had béene in the horſe, I had nothing vnder me but a little ſtraw, and had much adoe to ſcape drowning: Well Ile goe rouſe him, and make him giue me my forty Dollers againe. Ho ſirra Doctor, you coſening ſcab, Maſter Doctor awake, and riſe, and giue me my money againe, for your horſe is turned to a bottle of hay, Maſter Doctor. He puls off his leg.
Alas, I am vndone, what ſhall I do? I haue puld off his leg.

Fauſt. O helpe, helpe, the villaine hath murderd me.

Horſe. Murder or not murder, now he has but one leg. Ile out-run him, and caſt this leg into ſome ditch or other.

Fauſt. Stop him, ſtop him, ſtop him——ha, ha, ha, Fauſtus hath his leg againe, and the Horſe-courſer a bundle of hay for his forty Dollors.

Enter Wagner.

How now Wagner, what newes with thée?

Wag. If it pleaſe you the Duke of Vanholt doth earneſtly entreat your company, and hath ſent ſome of his men to attend with proviſion fit for your iourney.

Fauſt.

Faust. The Duke of Vanholt's an honorable Gentleman, and one to whom I must be no niggard of my cunning: Come away.

Exeunt.

Enter Clowne, Dicke, Horse-courser, and a Carter.

Cart. Come my Masters, Ile bring you to the best beere in Europe, what ho, Hostesse: where be these whores?

Enter Hostesse.

Host. How now, what lacke you? What my old Guests? welcome.

Clo. Sirra Dicke, dost know why I stand so mute?

Dic. No Robin, why is't?

Clow. I am eightéene pence on the score, but say nothing, see if she haue forgotten me.

Host. Who's this that stands so solemnly by himselfe? What my old Guest?

Clo. O Hostesse how do you? I hope my score stands still.

Host. I there's no doubt of that, for me thinks you make no hast to wipe it out.

Dic. Why Hostesse, I say, fetch vs some Beere.

Host. You shall presently, looke vp into the hall there, ho.

Dic. Come sirs, what shall wee doe till mine Hostesse comes?

Cart. Marry sir, Ile tell you the braueſt tale how a Coniurer seru'd me: you know Doctor Faustus.

Horse. I, a plague take him, here's some on's haue cause to know him; did he coniure thée too?

Cart. Ile tell you how he seru'd me: As I was going to Wittenberge t'other day, with a load of Hay, he met me, and asked me what he should giue me for as much hay as he could eate; now sir, I thinking that a little would serue his turne, bad him take as much as he would for three Farthings; so he presently gaue me mony, and fell to eating; and as I am a cursen man, he neuer left eating, till he had eate vp all my load of hay.

All. O monstrous, eate a whole load of hay!

Clow.

Clow. Yes, yes, that may be; for I haue heard of one that has eate a load of logs.

Horse. Now sirs, you shall heare how villanously he serud me: I went to him yesterday to buy a horse of him, and yet would by no meanes sell him vnder forty Dollers; so sir, because I knew him to be such a horse as would run ouer hedge and ditch, and neuer tire, I gaue him his money: so when I had my horse, Doctor Faustus bad me ride him night and day, and spare him no time: but, quoth he, in any case ride him not into the water. Now sir, I thinking the horse had had some rare quality that he would not haue me know of, what did I but ride him into a great riuer, and when I came iust in the midst, my horse vanisht away, and I sate straddling vpon a bottle of hay.

All. O braue Doctor.

Horse. But you shall heare how bravely I serud him for it, I went me home to his house, and there I found him asleepe; I kept a hallowing & whooping in his eares, but all could not wake him: I seeing that, tooke him by the leg and neuer rested pulling, till I had pul'd me his legge quite off, and now tis at home in mine hostry.

Clow. And has the Doctor but one legge then? thats excellent, for one of his Diuels turn'd mee into the likenesse of an Apes face.

Cart: Some more drinke Hostesse.

Clow. Harke you, weele into another roome and drinke a while, and then wee'le goe seeke out the Doctor.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter the Duke of Vanholt, his Dutchesse, Faustus and Mephostophilis.

Duke. Thanks Master Doctor for these pleasant sights,
Nor know I how sufficiently to recompence your great deserts, in erecting that inchanted Castle in the Ayre:
The sight whereof so delighteth me,
As nothing in the world could please me more.

Faust.

Faust. I doe thinke my selfe my good Lord, highly recompenced, in that it hath pleased your Grace to thinke but well of that which Faustus hath performed. But gracious Lady, it may bee, that you have taken no pleasure in those sights: therefore I pray you tell me, what is the thing you most desire to have, be it in the world, it shall be yours: I have heard that great bellied women doe long for things are rare and dainty.

Lady. True Maister Doctor, and since I finde you so kind, I will make known unto you what my heart desires to have, and were it now Summer, as it is January, a dead time of the Winter, I would request no better meat, then a dish of ripe grapes.

Faust. This is but a small matter. go Mephosto. away.

Exit Mepho.

Madam, I will do more then this for your content.

Enter Mephostophilis againe with the grapes.

Here, now taste ye these, they should be good,
For they came from a farre Country, I can tell you.

Duke. This makes me wonder more then all the rest, that at this time of the year when every tree is barren of his fruit from whence you had these grapes.

Faust. Please it your Grace, the yeare is divided into two circles over the whole world, so that when it is Winter with vs, in the contrary circle it is likewise Summer with them, as in India, Saba, and such Countries that lye farre East, where they have fruit twice a year. From whence by means of a swift Spirit that I have, I had these grapes brought as you see.

Lady. And trust me they are the sweetest grapes that ere I tasted.

The Clowne bounceth at the gate within.

Duke. What rude disturbers have we at the Gate?

To pacifie their fury, let it ope,
And then demand of them what they would haue.

They knocke againe, and call out to talke with Faustus.

A Seruant. Why how now Maisters, what a coyle is there?
What is the reason you disturbe the Duke?

Dick. We haue no reason for it, therefore a fig for him.

Ser. Why saucy varlets, dare you be so bold?

Horse. I hope sir, wee haue wit enough to bee more bold then welcome.

Ser. It appeares so: pray be bold else where,
And trouble not the Duke.

Duke. What would they haue?

Ser. They all cry out to speake with Doctor Faustus.

Cart. I, and we will speake with him.

Duke. Will you sir Commit the raskalls.

Dick. Commit with vs, he were as good commit with his Father as commit with vs.

Faust. I doe beseech your Grace let them come in,
They are good subiect to a merriment.

Duke. Do as thou wilt Faustus, I giue thée leaue.

Faust. I thanke your Grace.

Enter the Clowne, Dicke, Carter and Horse-courser.

Why how now my good friends?
Faith you are too outragious, but come nere,
I haue procur'd your pardon: welcome all.

Clow. Nay sir we will be welcome for our money, and we will pay for what we take: What ho, giue's halfe a dozen of Beere here and be hang'd.

Faust. Nay, harke you, can you tell where you are?

Cart. I marry can I, we are vnder heauen.

Ser. I but sir sauce boxe, know you in what place?

Horse.

Horse. I, I, the house is good enough to drinke in: Zouns fill vs some Béere, or weele breake all the barrels in the house and dash out all your braines with your bottles.

Faust. Be not so furious, come, you shall haue Béere,
My Lord, beseech you giue me leaue a while,
Ile gage my credit, t'will content your Grace.

Duke. With all my heart kind Doctor, please thy selfe,
Our seruants and our Court's at thy command.

Faust. I humbly thanke your Grace: then fetch some Béere.

Horse. I marry there spoke a Doctor indeed, and faith Ile drinke a health to thy wooden leg for that word.

Faust. My wooden leg. What dost thou meane by that?

Cart. Ha, ha, ha, dost thou heare me Dicke, he has forgot his leg.

Horse. I, I, he doe's not stand much vpon that.

Faust. No faith, not much vpon a wooden leg.

Cart. Good Lord, that flesh and blood should be so fraile with your Worship: Do not you remember a Horse-courser you sold a horse to?

Faust. Yes I remember I sold one a horse.

Cart. And doe you remember you bid her should not ride him into the water?

Faust. Yes, I doe very well remember that.

Cart. And doe you remember nothing of your leg?

Faust. No in good sooth.

Cart. Then I pray you remember your curtesie.

Faust. Thanks you sir.

Cart. Tis not so much worth: I pray you tell me one thing.

Faust. What's that?

Cart. Be both your legges bed-fellowes euery night together?

Faust. Wouldst thou make a Colossus of me, that thou askst me such questions?

Cart. No truely sir, I would make nothing of you, but I would faine know that.

Enter Hostesse with drinke.

Faust. Then I assure thée certainly they are.

Carr. I thanke you I am fully ſatiſfied.

Fauſt. But wherefore doſt thou aſke?

Carr. For nothing ſir: but me thinkes you ſhould haue a wooden bed-fellow of one of 'em.

Horſe. Why do you heare ſir, did I not pull off one of your legs when you were aſleepe?

Fauſt. But I haue it againe now I am awake: looke you here ſir.

All. O horrible. had the Doctor three legs?

Carr. Doe you remember ſir, how you coſened me, and eat vp my load of——

Fauſtus charmes him dumbe.

Dicke. Doe you remember how you made mee weare an Apes——

Horſe. You whoreſon coniuring ſcab, doe you remember how you coſened me with a ho——

Clow. Haue you forgotten me? you think to carry it away with your Hey-paſſe, and Re-paſſe: doe you remember the dogs ſa——

Exeunt Clownes.

Hoſt. Who payes for the Ale? heare you M. Doctor, now you haue ſent away my gueſts, I pray who ſhall pay mee for my A—— Exit Hoſteſſe.

Lady. My Lord,
We are much beholding to this learned man.

Duke. So are we Madam, which we will recompence
With all the loue and kindneſſe that we may,
His artfull ſports driues all ſad thoughts away.

Exeunt.

Thunder and lightning: Enter Diuells with couered diſhes: Mephoſtophilis leads them into Fauſtus Study: then enter Wagner.

Wag. I think my Maſter means to die ſhortly, he has made his will, and giuen me his wealth, his houſe, his goods, & ſtore

of

of golden plate, besides two thousand Duckets ready coin'd: I wander what he meanes, if death were nye, he would not stroke thus: he's now at supper with the scholers, where there's such belly-cheere as Wagner in his life never saw the like: and see where they come, belike the feast is ended.

Exit.

Enter Faustus, Mephostophilis, and two or three Schollers.

1 Sch. M. Doctor Faustus, since our conference about faire Ladies, which was the beautifullest in all the world, we have determined with our selues, that Hellen of Grecce was the admirablest Lady that euer liu'd: therefore M. Doctor, if you will doe vs so much fauour as to let vs see that peerelesse dame of Grecce, whom all the world admires for Maiestie, we should thinke our selues much beholding vnto you.

Fau. Gentlemen, for that I know your friendship is vnfaind,
It is not Faustus custome to deny
The iust request of those that wish him well:
You shall behold that peerelesse dame of Greece,
No otherwise for pompe or maiestie,
Then when sir Paris crost the seas with her,
And brought the spoiles to rich Dardania.
Be silent then, for danger is in words.

Musicke sound. Mephosto. brings in Hellen, she passeth ouer the stage.

2 Was this faire Hellen, whose admired worth,
Made Greece with ten yeares warres afflict poore Troy?

3 Too simple is my wit to tell her worth,
Whom all the world admires for Maiestie.

1 Now we haue seene the pride of Natures worke,
Wee'll take our leaues, and for this blessed sight,
Happie am. I. Faustus euermore.

Exeunt Schollers.

Faust. Gentlemen farewell: the same wish I to you.

Enter an old Man.

Old man. O gentle Fauſtus leaue this damned Art,
This Magicke that will charme thy ſoule to hell,
And quite bereaue thee of ſaluation.
Though thou haſt now offended like a man,
Doe not perſeuer in it like a Diuell:
Yet, yet, thou haſt an amiable ſoule,
If ſinne by cuſtome grow not into nature.
Then (Fauſtus) will repentance come too late,
Then thou art banisht from the ſight of heauen;
No mortall can expreſſe the paines of hell.
It may be this my exhortation
Seemes harſh and all vnpleaſant: let it not,
For gentle ſonne, I ſpeake it not in wrath,
Or of enuie to thee, but in tender loue,
And pittie of thy future miſerie.
And ſo haue hope, that this my kind rebuke,
Checking thy body, may amend thy ſoule.

Fau. Where art thou Fauſtus? wretch, what haſt thou done?

Mephoſtophilis giues him a Dagger.

Hell claimes his right, and with a roaring voice,
Saies Fauſtus come, thine houre is almoſt come,
And Fauſtus now will come to doe thee right.

Old. O ſtay good *Fauſtus*, ſtay thy deſperate ſteps,
I ſee an Angell houer ore thy head,
And with a Viall full of precious grace,
Offers to poure the ſame into thy ſoule,
Then call for mercy and auoid deſpaire.

Fa. O friend I feele thy words to comfort my diſtreſſed ſoule
Leaue me a while to ponder on my ſinnes.

Old. Fauſtus, I leaue thee but with griefe of heart,
Fearing the enemy of thy hapleſſe ſoule. Exit.

Fauſt. Accurſed Fauſtus, wretch what haſt thou done?
I doe repent, and yet I doe deſpaire,
Hell ſtriues with grace for conqueſt in my breſt:
What ſhall I do to ſhun the ſnares of death?

Meph. Thou Traitor Fauſtus, I arreſt thy ſoule,
For diſobedience to my Soueraigne Lord.

Reuolt,

Reuolt, or Ile in peece-meale teare thy flesh.

Faust. I doe repent I e're offended him,
Sweet Mephostophilis intreat thy Lord
To pardon my vnlaull presumption,
And with my blood againe I will confirme
The former vow I made to Lucifer.
Doe it then Faustus with vnfeigned heart,
Lest greater dangers doe attend thy drift.
Torment sweet friend, that base and aged man,
That durst dissuade me from thy Lucifer,
With greatest torments that our hell affords.

Meph. His faith is great, I cannot touch his soule,
But what I afflict his body with
I will attempt, which is but little worth.

Faust. One thing good seruant let me craue of thee,
To glut the longing of my hearts desire,
That I may haue vnto my Paramour,
That heauenly Hellen which I saw of late,
Whose sweet embraces may extinguish cleare,
Those thoughts that doe dissuade me from my vow,
And keepe my vow I made to Lucifer.

Meph. This, or what else my Faustus shall desire,
Shall be performd in twinckling of an eye.

Enter Hellen againe, passing ouer betweene two Cupids.

Faust. Was this the face that launcht a thousand ships,
And burnt the toplesse Towers of Ilium?
Sweet Hellen make me immortall with a kisse:
Her lips suckes forth my soule see where it flies,
Come Hellen, come, giue me my soule againe,
Here will I dwell, for heauen is in these lips,
And all is drosse that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for loue of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberge be sackt,
And I will combat with weake Menelaus,
And weare thy colours on my plumed creast,

Yea,

Yea I will wound Achilles in the héele,
And then returne to Hellen for a kiſſe.
O thou art fairer then the Euethings Ayre,
Clad in the beauty of a thouſand ſtarres:
Brighter art thou then flaming Iupiter,
When he appear'd to hapleſſe Semele.
More louely then the Monarch of the ſky,
In wanton Arethuſa's azur'd armes,
And none but thou ſhalt be my Paramour.

Exeunt.

Thunder. Enter Lucifer, Belzebub, and Mephoſtophilis.

Lucif. Thus from infernall Dis doe we aſcend,
To view the ſubiects of our monarchy,
Thoſe ſoules which ſit ſeates the blacke ſonnes of hell,
'Mong which as chiefe, Fauſtus we come to thée,
Bringing with vs laſting damnation,
To wait vpon thy ſoule; the time is come
Which makes it forfeit.
Meph. And this gloomy night,
Here in this roome will wretched Fauſtus be.
Belz. And here wée ſtay,
To marke him how he doth demeane himſelfe.
Meph. How ſhould he, but in deſperate lunacy:
Fond worldling now his heart-blood dries with griefe:
His conſcience kils it, and labouring braine
Begets a world of idle fantaſies,
To ouer-reach the Deuill; but all in baine,
His ſoule of pleaſures muſt be ſau'd with paine.
He and his ſeruant Wagner are at hand.
Both come from drawing Fauſtus laſteſt will.
See where they come. Enter Fauſtus and Wagner.
Fauſt. Say Wagner, thou haſt perus'd my will,
How doſt thou like it?
Wag. Sir, ſo wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I doe yéeld
My life and laſting ſeruice for your loue. Enter the Scholler.

Fauſt.

Faust. Gramarcy Wagner.
Welcome Gentlemen.

1 Now worthy Faustus, me thinks your loks are chang'd.

Faust. Oh Gentlemen.

2 What ayles Faustus?

Faust. Ah my sweet Chamber-fellow, had I liu'd with thée Then had I liu'd still, but now must dye eternally.
Loke sirs, comes he not, comes he not?

1 O my deare Faustus, what imports this feare?

2 Is all our pleasure turn'd to melancholly?

3 He is not well with being ouer solitary.

2 If it be so, wéele haue Physitians, and Faustus shall bée cur'd.

3 Tis but a surfet sir, feare nothing.

Faust. A surfet of a deadly sinne, that hath damn'd both body and soule.

2 Yet Faustus loke vp to heauen, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus offence can nere be pardoned:
The Serpent that tempted Eue may be saued,
But not Faustus: O gentlemen, heare me with patience, and tremble not at my spéeches, though my heart pant & quiuer to remember that I haue béen a Student here these 30. years O would I had nere séene Wittenberge, neuer read booke, and what wonders I haue done, all Germany can witnesse; yea all the world: for which, Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea Heauen it selfe: Heauen, the seat of God, the Throne of the blessed, the Kingdome of ioy, and must remaine in Hell for euer. Hell, O Hell for euer. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in Hell for euer?

2 Yet Faustus call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abiur'd? On God, whom Faustus hath blasphem'd? O my God, I would weepe, but the deuill drawes in my teares. Gush forth blood in stead of teares, yea life and soule: Oh he staies my tongue: I would lift vp my hands, but see they hold 'em, they hold 'em.

All. Who Faustus?

Faust. Why Lucifer and Mephostophilis. O Gentlemen,

I gaue them my ſoule for my cunning.

All. O God forbid.

Fauſt. God forbad it indeed, but Fauſtus hath done it: for the vaine pleaſure of foure and twenty yeares, hath Fauſtus loſt eternall ioy and felicity. I writ them a Bill with mine owne blood, the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

1 Why did not Fauſtus tell vs of this before, that Diuines might haue praid for thée?

Fauſt. Oft haue I thought to haue done ſo: but the Deuill threatned to teare me in pieces if I nam'd God: to fetch me body and ſoule if I once gaue eare to Diuinity: and now it is too late. Gentlemen away, leſt you periſh with me.

2 O what may we do to ſaue Fauſtus?

Fauſt. Talke not of me, but ſaue your ſelues and depart.

3 God will ſtrengthen me, I will ſtay with Fauſtus.

1 Tempt not God ſweet friend, but let vs into the next roome and pray for him.

Fauſt. I, pray for me, pray for me, and what noiſe ſoeuer yo heare, come not vnto me, for nothing can reſcue me.

2 Pray thou and we will pray, that God may haue mercy vpon thée.

Fauſt. Gentlemen farewell: if I liue till morning, Ile viſit you; if not, Fauſtus is gone to hell.

All. Fauſtus farewell.

Exeunt Schollers.

Meph. I Fauſtus, now thou haſt no hope of heauen,
Therefore deſpaire, thinke onely vpon hell:
For that muſt be thy manſion there to dwell.

Fauſt. O thou bewitching Fiend! 'twas thy temptation,
Hath rob'd me of eternall happineſſe.

Meph. I doe confeſſe it Fauſtus, and reioyce
'Twas I, that when thou wert i'th way to heauen,
Damb'd vp thy paſſage, when thou tookſt the booke,
To view the Scriptures, then I turn'd the leaues,
And led thine eie.
What weep'ſt thou? 'tis too late: deſpaire. Farewell!

Fooles

Fooles that will laugh on earth, must weepe in Hell.

Exit.

Enter the Good Angell, and the Bad, at seuerall doores.

Good. O Faustus, if thou hadst giuen eare to me,
Innumerable ioyes had followed thée.
But thou didst loue the world.
Bad. Gaue eare to me,
And now must taste hell paines perpetually.
Good. O what will all thy riches, pleasures, pompes,
Auaile thée now?
Bad. Nothing but vere thée more,
To want in hell, that had on earth such store.
Musicke while the Throne descends.
Good. O thou hast lost celestiall happinesse,
Pleasures vnspeakeable, blisse without end.
Hadst thou affected sweet Diuinitie,
Hell nor the Diuell had had no power on thée,
Hadst thou kept on that way, Faustus behold,
In what resplendant glory thou hadst sit
In yonder Throne, like those bright shining Saints,
And triumpht ouer Hell: that hast thou lost,
And now (poore soule) must thy good Angell leaue thée,
The iawes of Hell is readie to receiue thée. Exit.

Hell is discouered.

Bad. Now Faustus let thine eyes with horror stare
Into that vast perpetuall torture-house:
There are the Furies tossing damned soules,
On burning forkes: their bodies boyle in Lead.
There are liue quarters broyling on the Coles,
That ne're can dye: this euer-burning chaire,
Is for o're-tortur'd soules to rest them in.
These that are fed with sops of flaming fire,
Were Gluttons, that lou'd only delicates,
And laught to see the poore starue at their gates:
But yet all these are nothing, thou shalt see

Ten thouſand tortures that more horrid be.
Fauſt. O, I haue ſéene enough to torture me.
Bad. Nay thou muſt féele them, taſt the ſmart of all,
Ye that loues pleaſure muſt for pleaſure fall:
And ſo I leaue thée Fauſtus till anon,
Then wilt thou tumble in confuſion. Exit.

The Clocke ſtrikes eleuen.

Fauſt. O Fauſtus,
Now haſt thou but one bare houre to liue,
And then thou muſt be damn'd perpetually.
Stand ſtill you euer-moouing Spheares of Heauen,
That time may ceaſe, and midnight neuer come,
Faire Natures eye, riſe, riſe againe and make
Perpetuall day: or let this houre be but a yeare,
A moneth, a wéeke, a naturall day,
That Fauſtus may repent and ſaue his ſoule.
O lente, lente, currite noctis equi.
The ſtars moue ſtill, time runnes, the clocke will ſtrike,
The Diuell will come, and Fauſtus muſt be damn'd.
O Ile leape vp to Heauen, who pulls me downe?
See where Chriſts bloud ſtreames in the firmament,
One drop of bloud will ſaue me: Oh my Chriſt,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Chriſt,
Yet will I call on him: O ſpare me Lucifer.
Where is it now? tis gone.
And ſee a threatning arme, and angry brow,
Mountaines and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heauie wrath of Heauen.
No? then will I headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth; Oh no, it will not harbour me.
You Starres that raign'd at my nativitie,
Whoſe influence haue allotted death and hell,
Now draw vp Fauſtus like a foggie myſt,
Into the entralls of your labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the Ayre,
My lymbes may iſſue from your ſmoaky mouthes,
But let my ſoule mount, and aſcend to heauen.

The watch strikes.

O halfe the houre is past: 'twill all be past anon:
O, if my soule must suffer for my sinne,
Impose some end to my incessant paine:
Let Faustus, liue in hell a thousand yeares,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be sau'd:
No end is limited to damned soules.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soule?
Or why is this immortall that thou hast?
Oh Pythagoras Metemsycosis, were that true,
This soule should flie from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happie, for when they dye,
Their soules are soone dissolu'd in Elements:
But mine must liue still to be plagu'd in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendred me:
No Faustus, curse thy selfe, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriu'd thee of the ioyes of Heauen.

The Clocke strikes twelue.

It strikes, it strikes, now body turne to ayre,
Or Lucifer will beare thee quicke to Hell.
O soule be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the Ocean ners be found.

Thunder, and enter the Diuells.

O mercy Heauen, looke not so fierce on me,
Adders and Serpents let me breathe a while:
Ugly Hell gape not; come not Lucifer,
Ile burne my bookes: Oh Mephostophilis.

Enter Schollers.

1 Come Gentlemen, let vs go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadfull night was neuer seene,
Since first the worlds Creation did begin.
Such fearefull shrieks and cries were neuer heard:
Pray Heauen the Doctor haue escapt the danger.
2 O helpe vs Heauens, see here are Faustus limbes,
All torne asunder by the hand of death.

3 The Diuell whom Fauſtus ſeru'd hath torne him thus:
For twixt the houres of twelue and one, me thought
I heard him ſhrieke and call aloud for helpe:
At which ſame time the houſe ſeem'd all on fire,
With dreadfull horror of theſe damned Fiends.

2 Well Gentlemen, though Fauſtus end be ſuch,
As euery Chriſtian heart laments to thinke on:
Yet for he was a Scholler once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our Germane Scholes,
Wil'l giue his mangled limbes due buriall:
And all the Students clooth'd in mourning blacke,
Shall wait vpon his heaute funerall. Exeunt.

Enter Chorus.

Cut is the branch that might haue growne full ſtraight,
And burned is Apollo's Lawrell bough,
That ſometime grew within this learned man:
Fauſtus is gone, regard his hellish fall,
Whoſe fiendfull fortune may exhort the wiſe
Onely to wonder at vnlawfull things:
Whoſe deepeneſſe doth intice ſuch forward wits,
To practiſe more then heauenly power permits.

Terminat hora diem, terminat Author opus.

FINIS.